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MAY 30, 1903

"God Bless the Flag and its Loyal Defenders."

MEMORIAL DAY

IN WISCONSIN SCHOOLS

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MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

PREPARED AND ISSUED BY

C. P. CARY

STATE SUPERINTENDENT

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread.
And glory guards, with solemn round.
The bivouac of the dead."

—LONGFELLOW.

MADISON, WIS.
DEMOCRAT PRINTING CO., STATE PRINTER.
1903.

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Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

— A. Tennyson.

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Boys and Girls of Wisconsin:

On this Memorial Day it becomes our duty to stand, with sadness in our hearts, and strew with flowers the graves of our honored dead. No thought is holier than the memory of those who have given their lives in the hour of their country's need. Fitting it is that the commemorative exercises of the sleeping soldiers should be carried on by those who were their companions in arms; fitting it is that you and I should aid in this sad commemoration. With all the bitterness and pain there is a sweetness in the sorrow for a patriot's death. Time touches all things with a mellowing hand and it has softened the personal despairing sorrow of bereaved families to a tender memory today expressed by flowers. Let us aid the soldier's son and widow in honoring the men who a generation ago faced death that this country might live. Let us aid the Grand Army of the Republic and the Woman's Relief Corp in these exercises that mean so much to them. In a little while these flowers must be strewn by hands unused to the instruments of war. What a privilege it is to us to prepare ourselves to receive the sacred trust, that will remain to us, to keep green the memory of our heroes when the passing of the last veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic shall bring to us the duty.

Sincerely yours,

State Superintendent.

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MEMORIAL DAY.

Human hearts from the beginning of history have ached for their dead friends. All those brave enough to live have mourned and praised the noble army of martyrs who fought and fell for the right and the love of country. Commemoration is a natural emotion. It is the sweetest flower in the aftermath of battles. Commemoration will have continuous opportunity for expression as long as men believe in God. Armies must continue to do battle, "recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in the confidence of their cause."

Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, as we used to call it, is an intensification of a general old world spirit. The practice of having one day devoted exclusively to decoration of the graves of the dead had a natural commencement back in the early days of the war for the Union. As martyrs began to fall, here and there sorrowing friends gathered to decorate their graves with fresh spring flowers. Soon this personal ceremony grew into a beautiful general movement which in 1868, was crystallized into and formally designated as Memorial Day. The 30th of May was selected as the day and was quite generally recognized throughout rural communities. The practice soon spread to smaller towns and finally to the cities. Decoration Day is a legal holiday in most of the states.

What an impressive scene it is as the surviving veterans, on Memorial Sunday, march in a body to church to listen to a sermon which their own lives and the deaths of their sleeping comrades have made real to the world. No less impressive is the scene as the same scarred veterans carry their floral tributes to deck the graves of their heroic brothers who lie sleeping that the country may live.

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Wisconsin stands high among the states in the gratitude she expresses for the soldier's work. She has only to give opportunity for the quickening of patriotic impulses and the arousing of loyal sentiments. The dust of heroes sleeps in many Wisconsin graves. From the deep silence of her green mounds inspiring lessons come to the boys and girls teaching them the cost of the present and the duties of the future.

In accordance with a time honored custom Memorial Day will be observed this year in Wisconsin and this annual is sent out to aid the Grand Army, the Woman's Relief Corps and the schools, in their exercises. Some selections used in this annual have appeared in previous annuals, and because of their special fitness for Memorial occasions will continue to be used in such exercises on Decoration Days in the future. I wish to thank all those who have so kindly contributed material, and especially Mr. H. W. Rood of Memorial Hall whose position gives him opportunity to offer material and suggestions of much more than ordinary value.

C. P. CARY,
State Superintendent.

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GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

In the realm of English literature it is hard to find an address, or part of an address, that equals this one delivered by the martyred President at Gettysburg. We are often reminded of how the polished, rhetorical oration by Edward Everett, delivered on the same occasion, remains in the scholar's library covered with dust even though it is a great master-piece of American oratory, while this brief speech of the great Lincoln is familiar to the world. Every pupil in our schools should memorize this address.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

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We are living too much in the present. Doubtless personalities are weakening, and this day must soon be consecrated to principles instead of sacred clay. In our public schools, the facts of the rebellion are taught, but the underlying causes are avoided as too delicate. These are what are needed. In them is found the policy of states. In our homes, too, no word of the new birth of this nation is heard and the children lose the inspiration of the fireside. In our public speech we are also guilty of this omission.

Without malice, with nothing in our hearts toward the south but pity and regret—remembering nothing in hate but everything in wisdom, standing loyally by those ideas which made Lincoln immortal, proclaiming them to the world at fitting times, we can wait with patience born of conviction the slow but certain growth that shall bind up this broken nation. Wait for the natural method. Wait for the diversity of aim and industry which with the end of slavery invites northern capital and northern energy. Wait for the identity of interest which arises from the reorganization of business about new and common centers. Wait for that certain harvest of seed sown by the friendly visits stimulated by seasons—at the south in winter, at the north in summer; for that social interchange which is more subtle and more potent than all. Then shall that blood which mingled in burning hate on many a battlefield, unite in northern and southern homes.

We are in the afternoon of the first quarter century following the war. The shadows lengthen; the scenes are transformed. The blaze of rebellion that gleamed athwart the southern sky is gone; the suspense of doubtful termination is ended; the intoxication of victory is passed; bitter anguish, the unspeakable woe with which we bent over our seven hundred thousand mangled and dead is merged into a calm and holy sorrow.

In all respects that period has no parallel in history. In the world's growth we have faith that its counterpart will not be known of men. But to the end that it shall yield its greatest good there is something still for you men of that day and generation to do. When by the last of May, 1865, but one flag

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floated in all the land, emblematic that the Union was unbroken, putting the seal of authority on the constitution, adding the word liberty for the first time to the speech of a nation, there was still left for you, above all men, the charge to keep—in a spirit of general fairness, but never the less to keep the eternal truth tested in that war before this people; to commit to this people's children the pure doctrine of that later declaration of human rights. No, no! the past of 1865 is no more to be forgotten than the past of 1776.

Accepting natural, changing conditions, remembering that gold alone cannot make a nation great; that day by day we are writing future history in the minds of our growing children; and adopting a wise and honest policy toward the south, in public speech, through the press, in homes and schools imbued with the true American spirit; see to it ye men of scars, that the sublime lessons of this time be not lost.

Guard watchfully the interests of your army posts. Their campfires brightly shining shall break through the mists of years and bring us nearer to that for which you braved the death to which they bowed. And as old comrades "muster" out and "fall in" to the ranks of that silent army, one by one, until the roll of the drum as it beats its last call shall fall upon no familiar ear, know then that a later generation, if rightfully instructed and impressed with all this day commemorates, will keep your campfires burning, with these undying principles will feed the flame—a watch fire to the dead, a sun of liberty to the living—lighting up the faces of a free people; shining on no antagonistic sectional belief which casts a shadow north or south —shining on perfect accord and national unity.

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GRAND ARMY MEMORIAL HALL.

Written especially for the Memorial Annual by H. W. Rood.

I have been asked to tell the school boys and girls of Wisconsin about a certain room in our State house at Madison that has come to be known as Memorial Hall.

The legislature of 1901 provided by law for a room in the Capitol in which should be gathered for proper care and preservation war relics, pictures of war scenes, portraits of men who did our state and nation good service in war times, and books—history, song and story—telling about war.

General George E. Bryant, superintendent of public property at the capitol, himself a grizzled old war veteran, took much interest in fitting and furnishing this room. When ready for use it was found to be about 60 feet long, 25 feet wide and 24 feet high. The lower part was furnished with cupboards for books and cases for relics,and the upper part constituted a gallery for pictures. The ceiling was beautifully ornamented, the walls tinted in harmony with it and all the work painted white. When the morning sun poured its flood of light through the great east windows this new room was, indeed, a pretty one, and every one interested in it felt pleased with it.

The law establishing this Memorial Hall provided that it should be also a permanent home for the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic of Wisconsin, which the most of you know, is an organization of old soldiers of the Civil War. During the first week of September, 1901, the books, papers, and records of Grand Army Headquarters were moved into the room and put in order in the cupboards at the south end of the apartment, and the custodian appointed to do so began to prepare for relics, books and pictures.

Army veterans and many others felt from the first a lively interest in the Memorial Hall. It was not long before old war relics were brought for the cases, books for the cupboards and pictures for the galleries; and now, though the place

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has been open only a year and a half, it is evident that there will soon be a lack of space. Something new comes along every day.

This Memorial Hall seems to be an attractive place. During the year and a half it has been open more than five thousand visitors have registered their names. These have come from nearly every state in the Union, and several foreign countries. More than a thousand were soldiers of our great Civil War, several of them generals. Old soldiers visiting Madison make themselves at home in the room. There they read or write, talk over old times or rest, just as they feel like doing. They and all other visitors are always welcome.

I wish I had space here to tell stories about some of these war relics, but I can only mention a few of them. There are testaments, diaries, needle cushions, pocket combs, old letters from home, and pictures—all taken from the knapsacks of men who were killed in battle or died in hospital; there are faded, worn and rusted old articles of many kinds that have been kept forty years as souvenirs of the battle field, the camp and the hospital, all tokens of the terrible struggle to save our country from disunion. There are cannon balls, fragments of shell, battered bullets, broken bayonets and other deadly things lately brought from the hard fought fields of Gettysburg, Spottsylvania; Gainesville, Shiloh, Atlanta and Vicksburg, every one of them telling of the peril and destruction our brave Badger Boys passed through in defending the dear old flag of our country. These are all silent reminders of what a terrible thing war is, and how much our free, safe and strong government of today has cost us. They should teach us very highly to prize the blessing we enjoy.

All these old relics are mounted on bits of strong cardboard on which are told briefly the stories of the service of the men connected with them. It is this direct connection with sons or places that gives these old souvenirs peculiar interest. Many visitors stand long before the cases reading the touching little stories, and I now and then see one of them brush away a tear. A question or two is apt to get the reply, "My father was an old soldier;" or, "I had a brother killed in the war;" or "My grand-

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papa was starved to death in Andersonville;" or, "I was taken prisoner at Atlanta."

On the gallery walls of this room there are hung the portraits of many Wisconsin soldiers, the most of them officers. Some of these pictures were taken when the men were young and in uniform; others are portraits of grizzled old veterans. A goodly number of the soldiers here represented have, since the war, been governors, lawmakers or judges. Some of them have now been a long time dead. Under the glass of most of these pictures there are cards upon which are written the stories of the service of the men represented.

A man wearing a Grand Army button came into the room one day and stood looking at these portraits. He said, "Is not that a picture up there of Colonel Sprague? Well, he was *my* colonel. I was a mere boy in the army and he was as good to me as if he were my father. I have seen neither him nor a picture of him before for almost forty years. I am so glad his picture is here!" Then he seated himself before the picture and sat for a long time looking and thinking. And so other old soldiers come and look upon other pictures. I am glad that away along in the years to come men and women and boys and girls may visit this Memorial Hall and see just how some of our brave men and true looked in their time of service.

Not long ago two bright eyed young boys stood reading from the cards upon which some of these relics are mounted. One of them came to me quietly and said, "I wish I could have been a soldier in the Union Army." "But," said I, "do you not know, my boy, that you would have had to suffer much hardship, and, perhaps be killed in battle or die in the hospital." He looked with big, honest eyes at me and replied, "I wouldn't care for that if it was my country." I could only answer, "My dear boy, I do hope you may never be called upon to go to war, but I am sure that if by and by our country again needs brave defenders you will be one of them." I thought as the little fellow left the room that if our state is so happy as never to want him for a soldier he will make a good senator.

This Memorial Hall and what is in it will, I think, quicken the warm blood of patriotism in thousands of young hearts, and

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inspire many a high resolve that our heroic "dead shall not have died in vain," that their noble devotion to our country's cause will receive partial compensation by the good and true citizenship of those who enjoy the blessings, they willingly died to maintain.

One of the most interesting things in this Memorial room is an upright glass case with "Old Abe," the war eagle of the 8th Wisconsin, mounted on a perch inside. This old eagle was carried through the Civil war and became a notable bird, as well known as a major general. When his regiment was mustered out of service "Old Abe" was given a comfortable home in the capitol and the best of care, but he died March 26th, 1881, when he was twenty years old. After his death his remains were mounted and no relic of our civil war has been more highly cherished.

On his late visit to the capitol President Roosevelt took a look at this Memorial Hall. He was delighted to see "Old Abe," saying that he had always felt a lively interest in him ever since he had, when a boy, read about him in his school reader.

H. W. Rood.

TO THE SILENT SOLDIER.

A Poem by Rev. J. N. Davidson, read at the Unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument at Two Rivers, Wis.

Has time turned backward? Was it all a dream
That he, for whom tears fell like autumn rain,
Whose name, years past, men read in list of slain,
Is dead? He lives! And they to us who seem
Bent, aged, gray, have they grown young again?
Is this form theirs? They claim it, and in truth
Here stands each one as in his days of youth
And he called dead is dwelling yet with men.

O moveless lips! ye have no need of voice.
Yet like Eve's murdered son, ye speak though dumb,
We hear once more great Lincoln's summons "Come!"
We know the brave heart's answering throb, the choice
That made the boy a soldier clothed with strength
That thrust men forward into face of death,
Sent them on duty into deadly breath
Of poisoned marsh or pest'lent rivers' length.

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Tell us, O tell, the narrative of years
Of high endeavor; days of fiercest fight;
Of conflict lasting into reddened night
(If you would know the story hear with tears
As fathers heard and mothers); of the strife
Renewed with new-born day; of those who bled
At Chickamauga, and who there lay dead
Or on unnumbered fields gave precious life.

It matters little where they fell; they rest
In the proud nation's heart and memory.
Proud is a hero's mother; proud are we
Of these our brothers; these our bravest, best.
Whether they fell where Lookout's heights were scaled,
Or pierced Virginia's battled wilderness,
Or died in prison's piteous duress,
Their praise has ceased not nor their glory paled!

Tell us the civic virtue of the time
When Lincoln, speaking in the people's name,
Appealing unto God, won endless fame
(Told none too oft in statute, speech and rhyme)
By freeing burdened men from hated wrong,—
Hurt, shame, alike to master and to slave.
Rejoice, O manhood! that to all he gave
New honor that exults in praise and song!

Bid us, O silent soldier! act the part
In our brief day, of men who feel the shame
Of coward silence when the sacred name
Of Liberty is used with evil art
To hide contempt of justice and of right;
To excuse neglect of duty unto God.
Forbid a mind irreverent unawed;
Teach us to live as dwelling in His sight.

We give thee message to the future days:
Speak thou the men who in the years to come
Shall read thy face when our frail lips are dumb.
Say that with all our faults we gave them praise
Who nobly lived or bravely died; whose hands
Were clean of ill-got gain; whose hearts were just;
Whose lives, whose wealth, whose all, were held in trust
For common good,—poured out at God's commands!

When years shall lengthen into centuries,
When thou thyself shalt fall, as all things must,
And these set stones shall waste to common dust
Still shall men throng where just adventure is;
Where Duty summons Courage: where hurts plead;
And, as of stones God can raise faithful sons,
So then in currents of the blood that runs
Warm in men's hearts thou shall have life indeed!

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THE PASSING OF THE VETERANS OF 1861–5.

BY A. G. WIESSERT.

(Extract from his address as Commander in Chief of the G. A. R., at the National Encampment, Indianapolis, Ind , Sept. 6, 1893.)

It was said years ago at our annual convocation that a regiment of our comrades had, during the year then closed, moved to the other side of life's river; some years later it was a brigade, and at a later gathering a full division was said to have passed away during the previous year, and now, comrades, it is left for me to report to you that since we held our last encampment, an entire army corps with its full complement of generals, has received its final marching orders from the Great Commander, struck tents and re-enforced our comrades of the right wing who had previously advanced and gone into camp in the endless beyond, from which there will come to us no scouts, no couriers and no aides with orders, until we, as individuals, are commanded to move forward and take position in their column on the eternal heights beyond. And when the last bell of the watch shall mingle its music with the reveille, calling our naval heroes to meet their comrades of the Grand Army, they will appear for the final muster, to be

"All Ready for Inspection in the Morning."

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THE YOUNG VET.

(*Spanish American War.*)

Tried in the crucible their fathers' made
Under the eagle's wing,
The blood of free men coursing in their veins,
They hear the war-cry call To arms! To arms!
And forth they go
To keep their heritage, the flag, with knightly faith;

Youth, crowned with majestic earnestness
Rallies to the bugle's thrilling notes,
On its strong shoulders rests the Nation's hope,
For it will bear afar o'er land and sea,
The flag defeat has never marred;
In youths' brave hearts doth safely lie
The honor of the land they love.
No famine, thirst, or weary march, or suffering
Can so touch these loyal burden-bearers
That they forget the charge they hold;
Above the tie of kindred, "God and our country"! is their cry;
Into the battle's sacrifice they march—so young!
Oh God! no sacrifice is ever lost that's made,
So to their country's honor count the cost,
And bind it to the car of victory as home they come
Bringing the flag, with every star afield,
Shining with new luster, re-baptized in
The deeper, broader chalice of humanity.

—Flora Beall Ginty.

Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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MEANING OF MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCES.

PRESIDENT DUNCAN M'GREGOR.

(Written especially for the Memorial Day Annual.)

To the veteran, Memorial Day is a Holy Day, a day consecrated to the memory of those who offered their service in their country's extremity, and especially to those who have answered the final roll call and have been mustered out of brief service here to an endless triumph in the hereafter.

Some of the ceremonies that have become an integral part of this day's observances are replete with meaning and big with patriotism. One of the most beautiful of these ceremonies as well as the most suggestive is the part performed by children in strewing the graves of veterans with flowers. These children, the sweet blossoms of our households, with the sunshine of health, of peace, and of innocence in their hearts come with hands full of the tender buds and bright blossoms of the glorious May to wreathe with garland and with chaplet the soldier's monument and the soldier's grave, until the tomb is fairly redolent with the odor of spring time. No more appropriate or more expressive ceremony could have been devised. Reverence for the patriot dead is thus early implanted and cannot but bear fruits of genuine patriotism.

On this day too, the comrades who remain, raise over the last resting place of each hero who has answered the last roll call, the flag under which all fought and for the honor of which so many fell. On this day, God's acres throughout our broad land, are made resplendent with the stars and stripes of a country for whose integrity the lives of many thousands were offered in most willing sacrifice. On rugged hillside, on open prairie, in the valley, the swamp, by ocean, lake, and river, east and west, north and south, in the quiet church yard near the old home, in the military burying ground by the dismantled fort, in the national cemetery under care of the government, by southern

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prison and northern hospital, are the little mounds that are on Memorial Day decked with our country's banner,—the red, white and blue of our beloved republic. This is the solemn festival day of "Old Glory." Old and young grow in patriotism under the influence of this most appropriate ceremony.

Not alone children and veterans engage in these exercises, but nearly every worshiping congregation listens on the Sabbath day immediately preceding Memorial Day to song and sermon, prayer and praise, all breathing the spirit of truest patriotism. Thus is the sacrifice for country brought into closest relation with that greatest of all sacrifices, that by which redemption was brought to mankind. The men to whom Memorial Day is dedicated offered on the altar of patriotism the greatest of all human sacrifices, life itself. We believe that the redemption wrought in this case, the questions forever settled, and the new conditions established, are worth infinitely more to the country and to civilization in general than all the cost, great as that was. Their heroic deeds saved this country from the rule of the demon of disunion; their well aimed and sturdy blows struck the fetters from four millions of human beings; their blood purchased the abject slave a right to manhood and to the hope of citizenship. The stated consideration of these things, especially when united with the religious observances of our people, must intensify, even glorify patriotic feeling.

A generation has passed since the surrender of General Lee, but there are still many among us to whom this day brings memories of peculiar vividness. They, today especially, recall the stirring incidents of two score years ago, and are thereby stimulated to greater love of country in themselves and to a deeper earnestness in quickening and strengthening the partiotism of others. Citizens past middle life on Memorial Day recall the stirring times of recruiting and mustering in, the call for troops, the ready response, the farewells of those most dear. And the veteran on this day recalls his first camp experience, the tramp of soldiers on the march, whither they knew not, the long roll, the flash of saber, the rattle of musketry, the boom of cannon, the onset and fury of battle, the suffering and the slaughter, the victory and the pursuit, or to the less fortunate,

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the defeat and the retreat, the prison pen, the hospital, the arms reversed, the muffled drum and solemn dead march, the soldier's grave and the parting salute. The funeral procession of that time halted not for four long years; the dirge was performed by shot and shell and by artillery.

While a veteran survives Memorial Day will be hallowed, and its great lessons will make for practical patriotism even long after the last member of that great army shall have answered to roll call for the last time.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Blossoms and buds of blossoms to be,
Wreathed boughs of the laurel tree,
Spires of green and disks of red,—
Floral argosies zephyr tossed,
Wrecked on the graves our flag has cost,
Stranded above our immortal dead.

Ah, but the garlands our hands have made,
Bud and blossom shall wither and fade.
What have they left for the life blood shed?
Marble will crumble and iron will rust,
Granite is only a firmer dust;
Little at most do we honor our dead.

Fathers and mothers of sons in the grave,
Brothers and sons of the battle-slain brave,
Knowing what price it will cost in pain,
Still to the boy with his drum at the knee,
Teach the brave lesson of how to be free,
Counting for freedom all loss greater gain.

Golden mouthed orators bravely and well,
Vie with all graces of speech to tell
Fitly the tale till their battle-wrought deeds,
Tongued and enlanguaged with flame and roar,
Speak and we see in our dead once more
Men of the elder heroic breeds.
Poets divinely inspired arise
Chanting their praise to the wondering skies,
Singing their glory from girdle to pole;
Pean, or ode, or epic or song,
Passion-full, sorrowful, jubilant, strong,
Died for their country—life's still unmatched role.

—*S. S. Rockwood.*

Madison, Wis.

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EDWIN MARKHAM'S TRIBUTE.

At the dinner of the Republican Club, held in New York, Edwin Markham, the poet, recited an original ode entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the Great Commoner," from which the following is an extract:

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind,
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT.

"As one by one withdraw the lofty actors,
From that great play on history's page eterne,
That lurid, partial act of war and peace—of old and new contending,
Fought out through wrath, fears, dark dismays, and many a long suspense;
All past—and since, in countless graves receding, mellowing,
Victor's and vanquished—Lincoln's and Lee's—now thou with them,
Man of the mighty days—and equal to the days!
Thou from the prairies!—Tangled and many-vined and hard has been thy part,
To admiration has it been enacted."

—*Walt Whitman.*

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FROM ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Delivered at Madison, Wis., April 3, 1903.

"I passed by, on the way to this chamber, the room into which, Governor, you said I should have a chance to look on our way back; the room, the memorial of the Grand Army, the memorial of those who fought in the great war. I do not think we can ever over-estimate the need there is that we should constantly keep in mind and apply to ourselves the lessons taught by those who fought in the great war; who saw the dark, bitter struggle from '61 to '65, success in which meant the making of this nation, the most glorious upon which the sun has ever shone. Now, those who won in that great contest, and those, our brothers, who valiantly fought against us, who lost, and who now are heartily and forever one with us. The men who fought in that great contest had to show more than one set of qualities. In the first place they had to show downright physical prowess and strength. No nation of weaklings could have won out in those years of trial. We needed to have the rough, powerful fiber of body, just as we needed to have the rougher, manlier virile virtues in us. No mere sweetness, no mere love of culture, love of education, no mere capacity for adapting ourselves to the softer side of civilization, would have availed the men who fought to a triumphant ending the great civil war. They had in them the stuff out of which heroes are made; the courage, the iron resolution, the unshaken resolve to face everything, to face death itself rather than see failure come and the flag rent in two and dishonored. They had to show those traits; but then, those traits would not have been enough. Back of them there had to be the lofty disinterestedness of purpose which is embodied in and typified by mighty Abraham Lincoln. You have got to have both qualities. No matter how good we had been; no matter how virtuous, we should have failed, we should have been overthrown if, as a people, we had not had the fundamental fighting virtue, and on the other hand, the fighting virtues would

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merely have made us a curse to ourselves and our neighbors if they had not been guided by a lofty disinterestedness of purpose.

In how many a nation's history in the past, the student reads of the destruction that comes because to courage, to ability, to energy, to all the strong, manly qualities is added, not disinterestedness, not the higher resolve to work with one's fellows for the common good; but the mean, angry, bitter desire to sacrifice all else for one's own personal advancement. If in the Civil war our generals and statesmen, our leaders in the field and in council, had been only anxious each to win what power and glory he could for his own, this country would have gone down in ruin. We were saved because it was given to our people to develop not merely the qualities that endured and dared and did, but the loftier qualities that needed the endurance and the daring and the doing, all part of the successful effort for the common good of our people and of mankind. That was what was done in the iron days. We live in peaceful days, but we need just the same qualities to work out aright our salvation in peace as were needed then to work out our salvation through war. In the end the qualities that we need for good citizenship are not the very extraordinary qualities. They are simply ordinary qualities properly developed. Courage is an ordinary quality but it is a good one. Decency, honesty—decency in home life, decency in public life—nothing extraordinary about it, but very necessary. Common sense—I wish it were more common; not genius, not remarkable brilliancy, but just plain common sense. No man is going to be worth anything in private life if he has not got it; on the contrary, he is going to be very uncomfortable to live with. And in public life, if he has not got it, he is going to be a menace to the body politic. I do not care how brilliant he is, if he has not got the saving grace of common sense you can do but little with him. Just a one-sided development will never do. No one quality developed to the exclusion of others will save us. We have got to develop along different lines; along the lines of courage, along the lines of honesty, along the lines of common sense, if we are to do good work, and the future of the United States is, I think, safe because the average state does on the whole develop as yours has developed, along these lines."

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"ADVANCE, FRIEND, WITH THE COUNTERSIGN!"

MRS. FLORA BEALL GINTY, CHIPPEWA FALLS.

In the great battle of life where we are all soldiers, some are pressed into the warfare early, others are sheltered in the tents of plenty and luxury until they receive a commission, and take their position on the vast battlefield without the long march of the "rank and file;" but those who answer the roll-call in their early days often make the braver and stronger soldiers and at the close of life's conflict stand out like grand equestrian statues against a dark background far, far above those who lead to victory for a short time, mere heroes of a day, or an hour.

The great secret of a successful campaign is, always be ready "with the countersign," then pass on to duty eagerly and faithfully. Along the line of march the soldier halts by many campfires, on tented fields where bivouac his comrades.

Up flowery heights, under smiling skies, where beauty walks, and silver bugles sound the reveille are pitched the tents of temptation, Pleasure and Ease. Here the soldier needs the countersign—*Moderation.*

Another camp he passes in the vale of years, whose tents hang on the jagged rocks of want, where the rations of plenty never reach; here tent Squalor, Crime, and Pain, with half-staffed flag, calling to the world for relief. Here the countersign is—*Humanity.*

Then come the camps of Deprivation, Self-denial, Hardship, Sacrifice, Disappointment and Trial. Oh, soldier boy in Life's warfare, see that you have the countersign—*Courage.*

Across the canyon, way up the thorny paths hard to climb, are seen the tents of Ambition, Success, Science, Honor, Fame and Power. Buckle on your armor and make for this camp, whose countersign is—*Perseverance.*

At the foothills of this encampment, nestled in like homing pigeons from adverse winds and beating storms, are the white tents of Home, Love, Motherhood, Truth, Fidelity, Loyalty,

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Patriotism, Manhood, Christianity and Mercy. Here the true and tried soldier advances to give the most beautiful countersign ever used in this world's vast army—*Charity;* and just across the "great divide" he hears the sound of the trumpet "that shall never call retreat," he hears the voice of the Great Commander, "Advance, Friend, with the Countersign!" Your weary march is over; lay down your arms; you only need the last great countersign—*Faith.*

THE NATION'S DEAD AND THE NATION'S LIVING.

We stand today amid the tombs where the nation's dead are sleeping. It is appropriate that the chief executive is here, accompanied by his cabinet; it is appropriate that the soldier's widow is here, and the soldier's son; it is appropriate that here are assembled, in numbers growing less each year, the scarred survivors, federal and confederate, of our last great war; it is appropriate also, that these exercises in honor of comrades dead should be conducted by comrades still surviving. All too soon the day will come when these graves must be decorated by hands unused to implements of war, and when these speeches must be made by lips that never answered to a roll call.

We, who are of the aftermath, cannot look upon the flag with the same emotions that thrill you who have followed it as your pillar of cloud by day and your pillar of fire by night, nor can we appreciate it as you can who have seen it waving in front of reinforcements when succor meant escape from death; neither can we, standing by these blossom-covered mounds, feel as you have often felt when far away from home and on hostile soil you have laid your companions to rest; but from a new generation we can bring you the welcome assurance that the commemoration of this day will not depart with you. We may neglect the

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places where the nation's greatest victories have been won, but we cannot forget the Arlingtons which the nation has consecrated with its tears.

To ourselves as well as to our dead we owe the duty which we discharge here, for monuments and memorial days declare the patriotism of the living no less than the virtues of those whom they commemorate.

We would be blind, indeed, to our own interests and to the welfare of posterity if we were deaf to the just demands of the soldier and his dependents. We are grateful for the services rendered by our defenders, whether illustrious or nameless, and yet a nation's gratitude is not entirely selfish, since by our regard for the dead we add to the security of the living; by our remembrance of those who have suffered we give inspiration to those upon whose valor we must hereafter rely, and prove ourselves worthy of the sacrifices which have been made and which may be again required.

The essence of patriotism lies in a willingness to sacrifice for one's country, just as true greatness finds expression, not in blessings enjoyed, but in good bestowed. Read the words inscribed on the monuments reared by loving hands to the heroes of the past; they do not speak of wealth inherited, of honors bought or of hours in leisure spent, but of service done. Twenty years, forty years, a life or life's most precious blood he yielded up for the welfare of his fellows—this is the simple story which proves that it is now, and ever has been, more blessed to give than to receive.

The officer was a patriot when he gave his ability to this country and risked his name and fame upon the fortunes of war; the private soldier was a patriot when he took his place in the ranks and offered his body as a bulwark to protect the flag; the wife was a patriot when she bade her husband farewell and gathered about her the little brood over which she must exercise both a mother's and a father's care; and, if there can be degrees in patriotism, the mother stood first among the patriots when she gave to the nation her boys, the divinely appointed strength of her declining years, and as she brushed the tears away thanked God that He had given her the strength to rear strong and courageous sons for the battlefield.

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To us who were born too late to prove upon the battlefield our courage and our loyalty it is gratifying to know that opportunity will not be wanting to show our love of country. In a nation like ours, where the government is founded upon the principle of equality and derives its just powers from the consent of the governed; in a land like ours, I say, where every citizen is a sovereign and where no one cares to wear a crown, every year presents a battlefield and every day brings forth occasion for the display of patriotism.

And on this Memorial day we shall fall short of our duty if we content ourselves with praising the dead or complimenting the living and fail to make preparation for those responsibilities which present times and present conditions impose upon us. We can find instruction in that incomparable address delivered by Abraham Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg. It should be read as a part of the exercises of this day on each returning year as the Declaration of Independence is read on the Fourth of July.

HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Delivered at Arlington Cemetery, May 30, 1894.

OUR WISCONSIN DEAD.

Of all the brave men who marched away in the Civil War to fight for our flag, none were braver, none truer, none more faithful to duty than our own Wisconsin soldiers. The hardy pioneers of our young Badger State were of sturdy stock and loyal, and their sons, brought up to hard work and frugal fare, were strong, vigorous and manly. Those sturdy pioneers loved the homes they had built up in the forests and on the prairies of Wisconsin, and so they loved their state and their nation.

When our union of states was threatenend with destruction—our flag fired upon at Fort Sumter—and President Lincoln

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called for brave men and true to defend our flag and our union, the response was quick and ready. The young men and boys of those pioneer Wisconsin homes were eager to obey the call to arms. Almost before the electric wires could bring the news, hundreds of the bravest and the best of those sturdy young patriots were marching to the inspiring sound of the fife and drum and getting ready for any service required of them. They had time for only a hasty good-bye to all that was dear to them —home, friends and pleasant associations, before they were off for the march, the camp and the battle,—hardship, danger and death.

As more and more men were needed, more Wisconsin boys marched away singing:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more."

And so, as the war went on, the soldiers of our own fair young state were found in all our union armies—by the Potomac, along the Tennessee and the Cumberland, and on the Mississippi. They fought at Gettysburg and in the wilderness; they faced the foe at Shiloh, Vicksburg and Atlanta; and an army of them "marched with Sherman to the sea." Wherever they camped or marched or fought they were found among the bravest and the truest. Wisconsin might well feel proud of them, but never ashamed.

After victory was won a shattered remnant of them came back, but in thousands of the homes of our state there were vacant chairs, silent and sad reminders of the sacrifice so freely laid upon the altar of Freedom and Union, a sacrifice of what those homes and our state held to be the dearest of all—strong, heroic young manhood.

Since that day of victory our war veterans have, one by one, dropped out by the wayside, till now only a few of those once sturdy, manly young men are left in the broken ranks to remind us, the younger children of the republic, of the dark days of war when our country barely escaped destruction.

Let us cherish tenderly the memory of our dead Wisconsin soldiers, whether they fell in the front rank of battle, died a

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lingering death in the hospital, starved in prison, or have fallen out of the ranks further on in the march of life; and express our gratitude for their loyal service by a sweet garland of the brightest spring flowers we can gather in all the fields and woods.

—H. W. Rood.

"THE SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC."

The soldiers of the Republic were not seekers after vulgar glory. They were not animated by the hope of plunder or the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the blessings of liberty and that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. All honor to the brave! They kept our country on the map of the world, and our flag in heaven. The soldiers of the Republic finished what the soldiers of the Revolution commenced. They relighted the torch that fell from their august hands and filled the world again with light.

Grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the Republic, with patriotism as taintless as the air, battled for the rights of others; for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own babes; that arrogant idleness should not scar the back of patient toil; and that our country should not be a many-headed monster of warring states, but a nation, sovereign, grand and free. Blood was water, money leaves, and life was common air until one flag floated over a Republic, without a master and without a slave. The soldiers of the Union saved the south as well as the north. They made us a nation. Their victory made us free and rendered tyranny in every other land as insecure as snow upon volcano lips. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of human progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments—Nationality and Liberty.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

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FLAG SELECTIONS

THE FLAG.

June 14th will be the 125th Anniversary of the birthday of the United States flag.

When it is considered what it has cost to give birth to the flag, what it has cost to maintain it and what it means to this nation and the world, there is no honor too great that should not be conferred upon it.

Our flag was born in the throes of Liberty, wounded in the battles of Freedom and sanctified in the cause of Humanity.

It should be honored for all the security it guarantees; all the mercy it proclaims; all the power it implies.

It is the flag that has been ever raised in honor and never lowered in disgrace. It is the flag that represents liberty of thought and religious right and floats today, beautifully hovering in the breeze around her Cuban protegé, a protectorate against "man's inhumanity to man." The flag that gracefully waves in the Orient, a respected monitor in the Celestial Empire, guiding the world in the solution of a divine problem, remonstrating against avarice and admonishing against treachery.

It is the flag that must not be disgraced as an advertisement of merchandise, not displayed for idle purpose.

It is sacred! It is sublime! Next to Holy Writ it should be our guide, standing for the equality of man, and of woman to man. It is now the peace-maker between hitherto domestic foes. It is a guard against foreign interference. It forgives the past and points to the future, grandly; with more grandeur than our provision can encompass. It is the flag of our reunion. The flag of the new possessions which Providence has bestowed. So let the American people, with one hand on the

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casket of the Golden Rule and with the other saluting the emblem of our Liberty and Strength, do honor to our banner as it stands for loyalty between ourselves and the elevation of all mankind.

As the day dawns on June 14th let the morning breeze kiss the fluttering flag from every house-top, and as the school bell sounds the assembly hour let there be glad hearts among the children as it is made their festival day to sing praises to the flag and to cheer it as it floats in the air above, a token of their noble birth.

Every school may fittingly honor this day with special exercises as a day of rejoicing, adopting a program suitable to the occasion.

Every child waving a flag and possessing it for himself is a treasure to be admired and revered. There are no school children too young to love the flag, none too old to be ashamed of it. Patriotism is a sentiment—an emotion, capable of being cultivated to a high degree by inspiration. It is not an incentive to military action with a tendency to war, rather a promoter of peace, and no nobler sentiment can be created than love for the flag which is the mantle of Columbia standing in the foreground beckoning to the oppressed of all mankind to come under the folds of the robe of love, to dwell in harmony and security in this land of peace, the Canaan where the wanderer may rest, the oppressed find relief and each be the equal of his fellow-man.

ALLAN C. BAKEWELL,

Chief Aide to Commander in Chief G. A. R., in charge of Patriotic Education.

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SKETCH OF THE FLAG.

The American flag had its origin in the following resolution adopted by the American Congress, June 14, 1777:

"Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

In the actual construction of the first real flag of the United States one of the patriotic mothers of our country took a leading part. Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia, popularly known as "Betsy Ross," was invited by a committee of Congress, accompanied by General Washington, to make the flag. It is pleasant to imagine Mrs. Ross at her work—planning and stitching, and no doubt weaving in thought of the new nation over which the new flag was to wave.

That flag has seen our country grow from about three million and a half of inhabitants to a nation of seventy-five million people. It was under that flag that Washington and Greene and Putnam, that Jackson and Paul Jones and Taylor, that Grant and Sherman and Thomas, that Dewey and Sampson and Schley led our armies to victory. It is under our flag that commerce has developed until trade relations have been established with all countries and that manufactories and all the arts of peace have arisen and flourished throughout the land. And it is under our flag that our public school system has had its growth from the small beginning of the colonial school to its place as a corner-stone of the Republic.

That "new" flag into which Mrs. Ross worked her skillful plan and her loving thoughts of the future, has become the "dear old flag," and the thoughts it brings to our hearts are great and stirring memories. May it evermore bring also courageous, glowing resolve to be worthy our noble inheritance, and to serve under its lead in war and in peace with unshaken devotion to its principle.

HELEN L. GRENFELL.

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FOUR SOLDIER BOYS.

This short exercise may be given by four little boys with soldiers' caps and capes. Each bears a small flag. All march in to drum beats, and stand in line.

First Soldier:
An honest soldier I would be
And serve my country, grand and free.
I'll fight for truth, be good and great,
I'll bravely march and fear no fate.

All (waving flags):
Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the soldier who is true and brave.

Second Soldier:
A loving soldier I would be,
And serve my country, grand and free.
Loving God and loving man,
I'll always do the best I can.

All:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for this country and our soldiers brave!

Third Soldier:
A soldier brave I'll try to be,
And serve my country glad and free.
In dangers I'll be brave and true;
This for my country I will do.

All:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the country and our soldiers brave!

Fourth Soldier:
The best of soldiers we will be,
And serve our country, grand and free.
Honest, loving, brave and true,
O, much for our country we can do!

All (marching out):
Hurrah! Hurrah! Wave, flags, wave!
Wave for the country and our soldiers brave!

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OUR FLAG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eye, once fastened on its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry;" and yet I know not if it has any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes, of alternate red and white, proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two, together, signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language, which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all of our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

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WISCONSIN BATTLE FLAGS.

(Written especially for the Memorial Annual.)

On the main floor of our state Capitol there stand against the walls enclosing the rotunda eight glass cases, and these cases contain something very precious to our state and to every loyal citizen—the worn, torn and battle-scarred old flags carried by our Wisconsin regiments during the Civil War. When they were carried away by our gallant soldiers, they were so new and so bright that their stars fairly sparkled in the morning sun; when they came back they were soiled and faded and battle rent. The sun and the storm, the shot and shell of the fierce conflict, had played sad havoc with the bright beauty of those star-spangled banners, and left them mere remnants of what they had been.

But the brave men who had carried them on the long marches and in the thick of the fight, who had seen some of their truest comrades shot down while holding them aloft, loved their torn and tattered old flags a thousand times better than they could have done when they carried them bright and beautiful away from the state. Our state prized them far more highly than she could do when she gave them to the heroic men who were to fight under them and for them. And as the living remnant of those regiments and batteries brought their battle flags all soiled and torn and bloodstained back to her she saw more of beauty in them than ever before, for the sad change four long years of war had wrought in them told her at what fearful cost of exposure, hardship and peril her brave sons served their state and their nation.

And so the old flags have been kept, carefully cared for and tenderly cherished. Though so fragile of texture as almost to fall apart by their own weight a billion dollars could not buy them. As time goes by and our struggle to save our Union and its free institutions goes further and further back into history these faded flags will be valued more and more highly as silent

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though eloquent teachers of the worth of our free government and all it brings to us.

Men and women passing hurriedly through the rotunda of the capitol stop a minute and look at these old flags. Children run up to the cases and gaze in curious wonder at what they plainly understand are among our chief treasures. Old veterans come, read the names of the regiments or batteries till they find their own and there they stand a long time thinking, thinking of Shiloh or Fair Oaks, Atlanta or Gettysburg, or some other hard field where they saw one or more of those tattered old banners flapping in the storm of battle. Sometimes the tears will roll down the wrinkled old faces.

One day an old gentleman with a grand army button, came hobbling along leaning heavily on his cane. By his side there walked a tall good-looking young man. They read the numbers on the flags, 1, 2, 3, 4, till they came to the right one and there they stopped and stood in silence for a minute when the old man said: "Take off your hat, my son! take off your hat!" The sight was a touching one, and I thought of the passage, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." I am sure that son went forth from the capitol that day a better citizen, a better man, than when he came. I think he loved both his country and his father better than before.

On another day a Catholic priest came bringing with him to the rotunda a flock of boys and girls. He read for them the inscriptions on the old flag,—cards telling the regiment or battery to which each belonged, its officers, its original strength, the number of recruits received, and its losses in battle and by disease. Then he talked to them about the fearful struggle through which the flags had been carried, how much the saving of our Union had cost in blood and treasure and how highly we should now prize it. It was a good lesson and well taught.

I am very sure that no teacher can do better than to beget in the souls of his pupils an intense and practical love of country.

—H. W. Rood.

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SELECTIONS FOR RECITATION

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS.

"I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. This dear boy slept only a minute, just one little minute at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he fell asleep only one second—he was so young and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours, the telegram said, only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now—"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful."

" 'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm'—and he held it out so proudly before me—'for my country when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!"

" 'Go, then go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap

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at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from *him,*" was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it and read as follows:

"Dear father: When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace *you.* I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can not now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before *that* night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was *too late.*"

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—given to me by circumstances—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let *him* die in my stead.

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"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they *must* be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me, not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him in the better, better life."

"Amen," said Mr. Owen, solemnly, "Amen."

"Tonight, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop waiting for me. But I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little girl glided out, and went down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather to fly than to walk, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's would refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

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"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about *himself,* that *he* was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell your father, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until tomorrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom, and who shall doubt that God heard that prayer?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the Pres-

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ident's private room, and a strap was fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd had gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them both back, and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he said fervently, *"The Lord be praised!"*

MUSIC ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The armies covered hill and plain,
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimson with the stain
  Of battles' recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly played, it made
  No forest leaf to quiver;
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted;
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
  A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
  With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
  Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
  And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks;
  Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
  And one was gray with "Rebels."

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Then all was still; and then the band,
  With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
  Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
  Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause; and then again
  The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
  To kiss the shining pebbles,
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
  Defiance to the "Rebels."

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  And silent stood the rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
  And day light died together.

But Memory, waked by music's art,
  Expressed in simple numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines—
  That bright celestial creature—
Who still 'mid War's embattled lines
  Gave its one touch of Nature.

—*John A. Thompson.*

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REMEMBER THE MAINE—A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO ITS NOBLE DEAD.

Delivered in House of Representatives, March 21, 1898, by Hon. Robert G. Cousins, Iowa.

No human speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence, already given by a great and grateful nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of congress providing for their needs can make a restitution for their sacrifice. Human nature does, in human ways, its best, and still feels deep in debt.

Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every nerve of steel and ocean cable has carried on electric breath the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the Maine. But no human recompense can reach them now. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors.

It was a brave and strong and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood and bone and sinew of our land. Two of them were from my native state of Iowa. Some were only recently at the United States Naval Academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the evening salutation to the flag, that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of their lives, that had colored all their friendship with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one state or another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means but a little less than love and a little more than friendship, that gentle salutation of the human heart which lives in all the languages of man, that winds and turns and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race, through deed and thought and dream, through song and toil and battlefield.

No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty, sleep lured them

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into the abyss; then death unlocked their slumbering eyes but for an instant to behold its dreadful carnival, most of them just when life was full of hope, and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow; just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steps of fame and flooding all life's landscape far out into dreamy, distant horizon; just at that age when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, waving laurel wreaths before the eye of young and eager nature—just then, when death seemed most unnatural.

Hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana, the black-winged vulture watches for the dead, while over it, and over all, there is the eagle's piercing eye sternly watching for the truth.

Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened by the lessons of our history, remembering the woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and ready for their duty.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes.

Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that

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marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graces that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding south, misguided perhaps, but beauti-

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ful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

—HENRY GRADY.

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GENERAL WARREN TO HIS TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves.
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
    Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle plea!
Read it on your bristling steel!
    Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look beyond you!—they're afire!
    And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
    Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, oh, where can dust to dust
    Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
    Of his deeds to tell!

—*John Pierpont.*

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still spring from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

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Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

—*T. Buchanan Read.*

A TRIBUTE TO OUR ARMY.

The following is part of the farewell address issued by the Spanish soldiers before their embarkation for Spain at the end of the Spanish-American war. It is a tribute of appreciation to our army for complying with the instincts of a humane nation in their fighting:

Soldiers of the American army: We would not be fulfilling our duty as well-born men, in whose breasts live gratitude and courtesy, should we embark for our beloved Spain without sending to you our most cordial and sincere good wishes and farewell. We fought you with ardor, with all our strength, endeavoring to gain the victory, but without the slightest rancor or hate towards the American nation. We have been vanquished by you (so our generals and chiefs judged in signing the capitulation), but our surrender and the bloody battles preceding it have left in our souls no place for resentment against the men who fought us so nobly and valiantly. You fought and acted in compliance with the same call of duty as we, for we all but represent the power of our respective states. You fought us as men, face to face, and with great courage.

You have given honorable burial to the dead of the vanquished; have cured their wounded with great humanity; have respected and cared for your prisoners and their comfort, and, lastly, to us, whose condition was terrible, you have given freely of food, of your stock of medicines, and you have honored us

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with distinction and courtesy, for after the fighting the two armies mingled with utmost harmony.

With this high sentiment of appreciation from us all, there remains but to express our farewell, and with the greatest sincerity we wish you all happiness and health in this land, which will no longer belong to our dear Spain, but will be yours, who have conquered it by force and watered it with blood.

MUSTERED OUT.

Let me lie down
Just here, in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer,
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe underfoot, and our flag overhead.
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint.
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest
With this shot-shatter'd head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell—
Through without faltering—clear through with a yell!
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dash'd, at the mantle of doom.
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty.
Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart;
It was duty.

Dying at last.
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell, and God bless you forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest,
Dying at last.

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I am no saint;
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins
"Our Father," and then says "Forgive us our sins."
Don't forget that part; say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen."
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark! there's a shout.
Raise me up, comrades; we have conquer'd, I know!
Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe.
Ah, there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout.

I'm muster'd out.
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on they blood-redden'd sod
I die for the nation, the Union, and God!
I'm muster'd out.

—*W. E. Miller.*

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S REMARKABLE VISION.

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings of the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door

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with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the burning shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves, we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, and the whipping post, and we see homes and fire-

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sides, and school-houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle—in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

ROLL CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried.
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his near man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

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"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no one replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke;
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory, yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—*Nathaniel G. Shepherd.*

"THE LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON."

Sometimes in passing along the street, I meet a man who in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years; perhaps above it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button, I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea! to me the very dust his weary feet had pressed is holy ground; for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

Maybe at Donelson, he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh, held the broken line; at Chattanooga, climbed the flame-swept hill; or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the bench, the forge, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure or to win renown. He

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loved the peace of quiet ways; and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses on tiny lips, to look death in the face on desperate fields. And when the war was over, he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

—JOHN M. THURSTON.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

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So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*F. M. Finch.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is hung—for you the bugle thrills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I will mournful tread,
Walk the deck where my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—*Walt Whitman.*

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THE WOMEN OF THE WAR.

Written especially for the Memorial Day Annual.

When we hear or read of heroic service in war we are apt to feel that only men do brave deeds there. We forget that many of those who dared most and served best were women. Though they did not carry muskets nor wield sabres, though they did not rush into the wild, tumultuous charge and strike down the foe, they were close at hand to care tenderly for the wounded and comfort the dying.

Woman's service in war was not to destroy life, but save it; not to cause pain and distress, but give comfort. She was an angel of mercy where good angels were most needed. Though frail in body and gentle in spirit, she cheerfully faced disease and death in the hospital in their most terrible forms that she might make them something less terrible. She did not hesitate to go clear out upon the battlefield, even before the fight was over, that she might nurse the dying back to life. She cared not for hardship or danger so long as by her gentle, loving ministrations she could relieve pain and bring good cheer to the suffering. Everywhere her service was tender, unselfish, beautiful.

Hundreds of our Wisconsin veterans remember gratefully the strong, vigorous, gentle hospital service of good Mother Bickerdyke,—as strong and vigorous in her management of affairs as a Major General, as gentle in her care for a wounded homesick boy as his own mother could be. And there are still living in our state thousands of old soldiers who bless every time they think of her, the name and good deeds of our own Mrs. Governor Harvey, who, after the sad death by drowning of her noble husband at Pittsburg landing, devoted her life and property to the care of sick and wounded Wisconsin soldiers, turning her own beautiful home on the banks of Lake Monona, at Madison, into a hospital, and after the war into a soldiers' Orphans' home. These two noble women are only examples of many others just as brave in spirit and faithful in service as they.

But not all the heroic women of these days followed the

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army. While fathers and husbands, brothers and sons fought our battles, a great army of mothers, wives and sisters prayed for them at home. They kept the hearthstone bright and filled Uncle Sam's mail bags with letters to cheer and encourage their dear ones at the front. They gathered up and sent to the army hospitals whole train-loads of comforts for the sick and wounded. By their heroic patience, cheerful courage, and active faith our loyal women in war times, both at home and in the hospitals, rendered most essential service—service without which our armies never could have gained the victory.

We should not forget on Memorial Day lovingly to cherish the memory of the faithful, loving, loyal, patriotic women who in such ways as best they could supported, strengthened and encouraged our soldiers in upholding the honor of our flag and saving our country from disunion. May God bless them!

—H. W. Rood.

DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I doan like de noise ob de marchin' ob de boys,
  An' I'low doan s'pose I evah will;
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
  Er de sound ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit 'minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
  En ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Somepin' whispahed in my ear 'bout my little volunteer,
  An' said he nevah will come back no mo'.

I 'membah now de day jes' how he marched away,
  Wid de bright sun er climbin' up de sky,
Marched out en down de street to de drum's wild beat,
  Den dey fotched him home to die.
Oh, de sad en moanful way, po' old missus kneeled ter pray,
  When Gabe said: "Hit's gittin' might still."
But I rise en jine de boys when I hear de cannon's noise,
  Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit 'pears es if I seen de ole plantation green,
  En sometimes I sho'ly think I hear
De regiment pars by, en 'low I hear de cry
  En de moan ob my little volunteer.
En I see de moanful way po ole missus kneel to pray,
  En sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin hear de tread ob feet to de drum's wild beat
  En de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

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Dar's a spot mighty dear to dis old darky here,
  Whar de sunlight is peepin' froo de palms,
Wid his hands 'pon his breast, dar my soldier's gone to rest,
  Jes' peacefully er sleepin' in de calms.
En de drum's wild beat er de tread ob marchin' feet
  No mo' kain't disturb 'im now until
De Lord gibs command, den I know he'll rise en stand
  At de sound ob de bugle on de hill.

—*From Ben King's Verse.*

BY THE GRAVES OF HEROES.

An hour, a flower, a memory, perchance a tear or two,
These give me from our life to them: Nation, what gave they you?

What of the silent partings, too solemn and sad for tears?
What of the homesick sighing which only the night-wind hears?

What of the waking picket, guarding the nation's sleep?
What of the cold and the hunger? What of the thirst and heat?

What of the midnight marching, where weary, footsore, drenched,
The pallid weeping morning shows the enemy entrenched?

What of the shriek of the battle? What of the after-hours?
Oh men! in the name of God, can ye heal such wounds with flowers?

Look to your lilies, Columbia! stainless they should be as snow,
To rest on hearts burned white in battle's furnace glow;

And your roses, red as the blood that flowed on fields of death,
Their fragrance full sweet to stifle the smell of battle's breath!

Alas! if our flowers were all that we laid on each nameless grave,—
Alas! for us and for them and the sacrifice they gave.

But over those lowly hillocks, as over the hills of God,
A glory breaks from the flower-cups withering on the sod.

For they are the pledge of the promise—"What you gave to us we will keep:"
The oath of the Nation's waking sons to her sons who are asleep.

—*Frances Denoyer Ten Eyck.*

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PETER WEBER AND HIS LETTERS.

Written for Memorial Annual.

Peter Weber was a typical American soldier. He was a German boy whose home was in Racine. He must have loved his adopted country, for on the 18th day of May, 1861, only five weeks after our flag was fired upon at Fort Sumter, and when he was only eighteen years old, he enlisted in Company F of the 2nd Wisconsin regiment. On the 20th of June his regiment was off for Washington, where it became a part of the famous "Iron Brigade." This was one of the hardest fighting bodies of troops in our civil war. During its long service the brigade lost heavily in the many battles through which it passed. It is said to have suffered the heaviest loss of any like body of men in the Union army, and in proportion to its numbers the 2nd Wisconsin (Peter's regiment) lost most of all.

Peter was with the regiment in the battles at Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run, Sulphur Springs and Rappahannock Station, —and was killed in the battle of Gainesville, August 28th, 1862. When after his death his comrades opened his knapsack they found in it a bunch of sixty-three letters he had received from his boy friends at home and in other regiments, and from his father and mother in Racine, but the most of them were from his good old German parents.

These letters were sent to the adjutant general's office at Madison that he might, if he could, return them to Peter's friends. Very many letters, diaries, pictures, and other things taken from the knapsacks of dead soldiers were thus sent in those days with the hope that they would find their way to the homes of the boys who had given their lives for their country. The most of these things came in due time to their destination, but Peter's letters did not. They lay with others on an obscure shelf in the capitol forty years until they were deeply covered with dust, faded and yellow with age.

I have been sorting over those old letters and have read many of them. They are much like the messages sent to most of the

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boys in the army. Those from Peter's father are written in a fine German hand. They tell him all the commonest home news, and they urge him to be courageous and hopeful and faithful and to do every duty. There are several from a man in Madison for whom Peter had worked. They bid him be cheerful, courageous, brave and obedient; to do well every duty, and set for himself a high idea of manhood. There are some letters from Peter's boy friends, boys too young to go with him to war. He had come to be a kind of hero in their admiring eyes. They, too, reserve some space in their boyish messages to cheer him up, encourage him and exhort him to fight manfully the battles of his country and theirs. All these letters bring back to me the cheerful courage of those who sent dear ones to the war. Though fathers and mothers and sisters mourned daily the absence of their soldier boys, they not only prayed for the safe return, but bade them be brave and true, loyal to duty even in the presence of danger and death. This is the prevailing tone of all these old letters. No wonder that, with brave as well as loving souls at home to encourage and support them, our boys in the army were the very best of soldiers.

Among Peter's boy friends was Oliver Gilbert of Mount Pleasant, Racine County. A little while before Peter was killed Oliver wrote to him, "Last winter you wrote me a letter stating these bold words: 'My life is dear to me, still I am willing to give it up, all for the love of my country.' I send you a Racine Journal; cut out the poetry and save it. It was written by Miss Flora Meeker; she lives in our neighborhood."

Peter did not cut out the verses. For want of scissors he tore them from the paper, read them, showed them, I suspect, to a comrade or two, then folded them and put them in the envelope with Oliver's letter; and there I found them just forty years after Peter was shot at Gainesville. Here is a copy of them:—

"My life is dear to me, still I am willing to give it up all for the love of my country."—*Extract from the letter of a young German soldier.*

Brave young soldier, hast thou feeling
  Deep as thy frank words imply?
Hast thou o'er thy bosom creeping
  Thoughts that say, "'Tis life to die?"

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In thy tent, on calm reflection,
  Canst thou say, "My life I give
For my country by adoption,
  Or, to serve her, still would live?"

Then thou hast a nobler spirit
  Than the great have sometimes shown;
Then thou hast a mission prouder
  Than the monarch on his throne.

Hast thou all thy yearnings smothered
  For thy kindred, home and friends,
Marching forth where oft in battle
  Fame begins as sweet life ends?

Hast thou gladly borne with patience
  All the toils thy life must know,
Watching through sleep's sweetest hours,
  Marching 'gainst the murd'rous foe?

Then the homage of the noble,
  Blessings of the good and fair,
Be the tribute to thy glory,
  Be the laurel thou shalt wear.

Brave young soldier, proud we own thee,
  Be thy station low or high,
Since thy grateful heart hath nerved thee
  For thy foster land to die.

Bear thou still a soldier's burden,
  Still thy glorious mission feel;
Press thy thoughts to hope's sweet promise,
  And to rebel hearts thy steel.

Soon shall shine a brighter halo
  Round thy banner than before,
And the glorious stars upon it,
  Washed with blood, be dimmed no more."

—*Camilla.*

I have said there were sixty-three letters in Peter's bundle. He had saved them for more than a year, carrying them on all his marches rather than throw one away. His friends and their letters were dear to him. Some boys would have burned them.

I have asked a man who was in Peter's regiment to tell me something about him. "Oh, said he, "Pete was just a chunk of a German boy—a good soldier till he was shot." This is a short story but a good one. Just a chunk of a German boy. An every day boy just like thousands of others. Nothing remarkable about them. They just did their duty faithfully—were good soldiers till, like Peter, they were shot; at their posts

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when death found them. Peter was a type of the American soldier—young, loved at home and by a large circle of friends, life dear to him yet willing to give it up for love of his adopted country, and he proved his devotion. There were thousands of boys from Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, England, who died for our flag just as willingly as if their ancestors came over in the Mayflower. One of the most important elements of our strength in America is the fact that our schools quickly and easily assimilate all the foreign elements and out of them make the truly loyal American citizens. We are fortunate that the children in our schools, under whatever flag their parents were born, come naturally to love the stars and stripes and all for which they stand.

On every Memorial day we should remember Peter Weber and the soldiers of which he was the type—just common boys whose only distinction was that, though life and friends were very dear to them they were for all that willing to give up all for love of country.

—W. H. Rood.

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QUOTATIONS

"Whether on the tented field
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

"Sigh not ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it lies within the breast!
Why mourn when death presents its peace,
And o'er the grave our sorrows cease?"

"The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears,
That marked the bitter strife,
Are now all crowned by victory
That saved the nation's life."

Time only enhances the lasting value and demonstrates anew the true significance of these inspiring observances. Whatever may be the character of its temporary problems, this liberty loving nation is not and never can be forgetful of the immortal heroes of the civil war.

The debt of gratitude which we owe to the nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledged gift of the obligation each year, in various forms and in a multitude of places throughout this broad land, purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.

Generations come and go and the issues for which they fought and died soon pass into history. But the living principles of undertakings worthily accomplished, for an unselfish purpose, abide forever and guide us to a nobler destiny and still greater achievements as a nation.

—*President McKinley.*

"The battle flag of the Confederate army now lies upon the graves of the brave soldiers who defended it, while the glorious old flag of the Union floats on high, unchallenged by any at home or abroad, throwing its protecting folds around all who now acknowledge allegiance to the sovereignty it represents."

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear is the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.

"Nor shall your glory be forgot,
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

—*Evolution of Flag.*

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A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out," is the inscription on an unknown grave at Newport.

"They sleep their last sleep. They have fought their last battle; no sound can wake them to glory again."

"Over the scars of weariness and want
The palms of victory place.
And immortelles, ah, gently strew
For every absent face."

"Let bitterness and feuds go tent
On other memory fields.
They were not mustered here,
Where, heart to heart, old comrades answer
The roll call of the year."

"Then 'Hurrah for the flag!' our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own 'Red, White and Blue.'"

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

"Thy deed, thy date, thy name
Are wreathed with deathless flowers.
Thy fate shall be the guiding flame
That lights to nobler hours."

"Then while we cheer for the living—
Let us drop a tear for the dead."

"I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who return not."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

SALUTE TO THE FLAG.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

Abraham Lincoln's greatness and worth lay in his simple manhood. He was a whole man, human to the core of his heart.

—*Robert Collier.*

"The love of country is universal. It has its seat deep down in the human heart. It strengthens with our years; is not weakened by distance, and we all feel the magnetism of its wondrous power.

—*John F. Dillon.*

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THE MEANING OF THE FLAG.

Its hues are all of heaven,—
The red of sunset's dye,
The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
The blue of morning's sky.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

"Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings; and looking upon our homes, and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now, and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes."

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time."

—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"Dead on the field of honor!" This is the record of thousands of unnamed men, whose influence upon other generations is associated with no personal distinction, but whose sacrifice will lend undying lustre to the nation's archives, and richer capacity to the nation's life.

—*E. W. Chapin.*

Patriotism requires that every effort in our power be made for the good of our country.

—*Sigourney.*

No government is rich enough to purchase a true patriot.

—*Buckenhout.*

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign: 'Endure.'
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure."

—*Whittier.*

Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance.

—*Henry Clay.*

Patriotism has its roots deep in the instincts and the affections. Love of country is the expansion of filial love.

—*Field.*

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"For every star in its field of blue,
For every stripe of stainless hue,
Ten thousand of the tried and true
Have lain them down and died."

"Comrades! all rally for muster today,
Come, with oblations of reverent love,
To honor the brave who lie
With beautiful flowers,
Peacefully sleeping around us."

"Peace floats her fair banner o'er us,
Kindness for all gives new powers,
Past wrongs are past and forgiven,
We cover their graves with flowers."

—*Sadie M. Dean.*

"America so proud and free,
I give my song, my heart to thee!
Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly
In every clime, 'neath every sky;
Still rise a yeoman race, to stand
For God, and home, and native land!

—*Jeremiah E. Rankin.*

There, on the field of battle,
Lies the young warrior, dead.
Who shall speak in the soldier's honor?
How shall his praise be said?
Cannon, there in the battle,
Thundered the soldier's praise.
Hark! how the volumed volleys echo,
Down through the far-off days!
Tears for the grief of a father,
For a mother's anguish, tears;
But for him that died for his country,
Glory and endless years.

—*W. D. Howells.*

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament!
Fields where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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"We have one flag and one destiny, and wherever that destiny shall lead us, we will have hearts strong enough to meet its responsibilities. That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress."

Behold, its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light:
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see,
The sister stars of Liberty.
Then hail the Banner of the Free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

We fought for Old Glory,
We saved it, my son;
Forget not the story
Of triumphs we won.

"Who dares!" this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

—*T. B. Read.*

Having learned to stand by the flag, we may also learn to stand by what the flag symbolizes; to stand up for equal right, universal freedom, for justice to all, for a true republic.

—*James F. Clarke.*

"Let us glory in the title of American citizens. We owe an allegiance to our country, and that country is America."

—*John Conway.*

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SONGS

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus—
The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freeman more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

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We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

HIS COAT OF FADED BLUE.

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue,
In his lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true;
He sank faint and weary among the famished brave,
And they laid him down to sleep within a nameless grave.

Chorus:
No more the bugle calls the weary one—
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown;
I will find you and know you among the brave and true
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried, "Give me water and just a little crumb,
And my mother, she will bless you in all the years to come;
And tell my dear sister, so gentle and so true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue.
Chorus:

"Farewell, my dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother—she'll find it when she comes;
I fear she'll not know me among the good and true
Where a robe of white is given for my faded coat of blue."
Chorus:

No loved one was near him to close his dying eyes,
No gentle hand caressed him, no voice gave sweet replies;
No stone marks the grave where now sleeps my boy so true,
As he lies beneath the sod in his faded coat of blue.
Chorus:

—*H. W. Rood.*

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OUR HONORED DEAD.

(A Memorial Hymn.)

Words and Music by
M. J. RAWSON.

DUET. Tenor, or Soprano, and Alto.

1. Hon-ored dead, we'll ne'er for - get When, to thy loved country's call,
2. In the Southland's glen and dale Some are rest - ing 'neath the sod,
3. Then a - bove each rest-ing - place Your bright garlands gen - tly strew,

Didst give life, that freedom's boon, Priceless boon, might come to all.
In bright vale or for - est shade, Where fierce bat- tling ar - mies trod.
Love's best trib- ute to the brave, No - ble, gal-lant "Boys in Blue."

From our homes we miss them now More than fee - ble tongue can tell;
And while in our place we meet In re-mem-brance of this day,
On the page of mem - 'ry fair, Writ in lines of liv - ing light,

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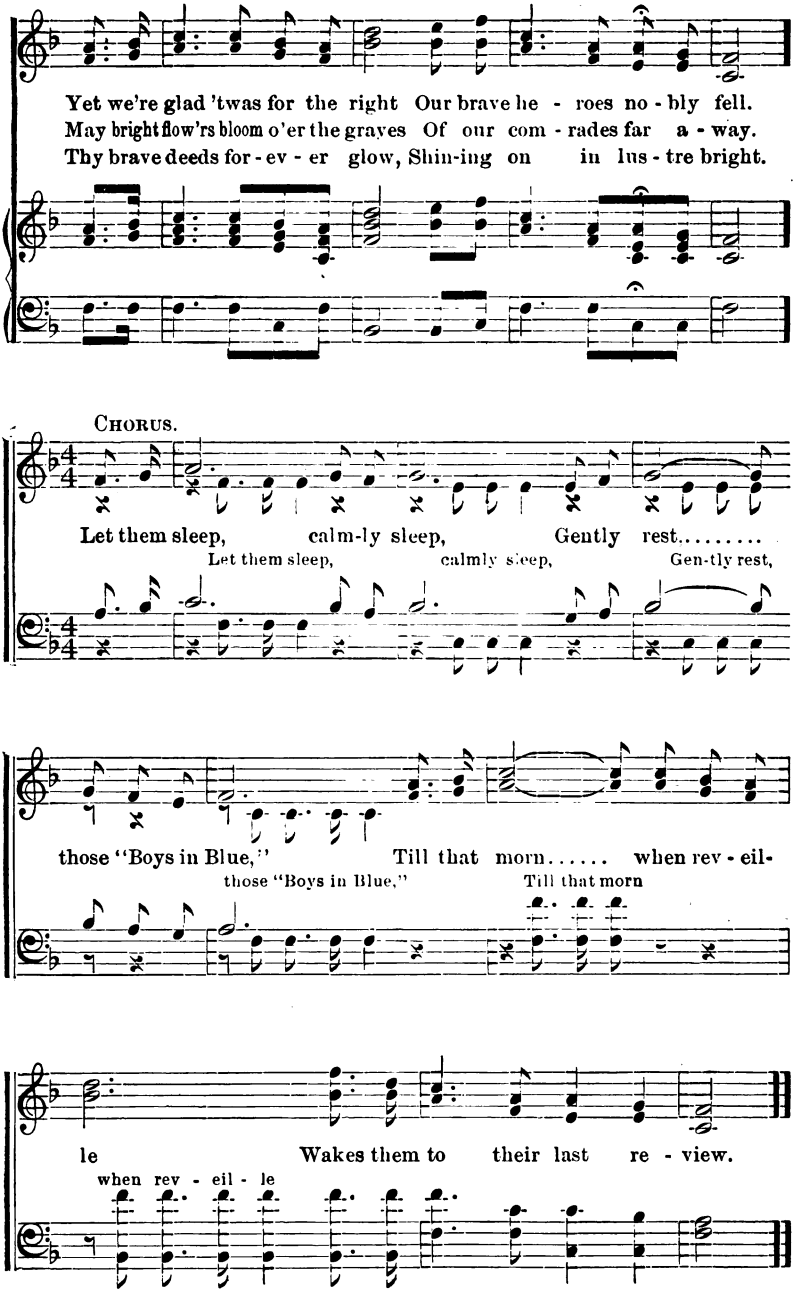
OUR HONORED DEAD—Concluded.



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Cover Them Over With Flowers.

Miss M. H. Howliston.

1. Cov-er them o-ver with flow'rs; The choic-est of na - ture's store
2. Honor the country they loved, Hon-or the col-ors that wave
3. Ev-er their mem'ry hold dear, Ev - er their prais - es sing,

Are not too choice for our sol-dier boys, Sleeping to wake no more.
Over the Union our sol - dier boys, Part-ed with life to save.
Ever the graves of our sol - dier boys, Deck with the blossoms of spring.

Chorus.

O-ver them car-ol of bird Flick-er of sunlight and shade;

Rit.

Peace to thee, soldier boys, Rest thou in peace; Ne'er shall thy laurels fade.
lau - rels fade.

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As The Years Roll By.

W. T. G. (Memorial Song.) W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1 Bring beau ti - ful flow - ers to lay on each mound, Where the
2 We have laid them a way 'mid the flow'rs and the grass, There to
3. Let the winds of the Spring a soft re qui em sing, O'er the

brave and true in qui - et sleep; As the years roll by in their
rest from toil and earth - ly pain. Till the trump shall sound and the
graves where our loved he roes lie, Their mem 'ry dear to our

cease - less round Their mem o ry dear we will lov ing ly keep.
dead shall pass To realms of the blest there with Je sus to dwell.
hearts will cling, Till we meet in the land of the Sweet By and By -

REFRAIN.

As the years roll by, As the years roll by, We will
As the years roll by, As the years roll by, As the years roll by.

Rit. Dim. p.

faith - ful-ly keep lov-ing watch where they sleep, As the years roll by.
As the years roll by, roll by.

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BADGER SONG.

Words by EBEN E. REXFORD.

Music by J. M. STILLMAN, Mus. Doc.,
Principal of the School of Music of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

Can be sung as a Solo and chorus

Soprano.

1. Oh, moth - er Wis-con - sin, we
2. Wis - con - sin, thou true-heart-ed

Contralto.

Tenor.

3. Oh, moth - er Wis-con - sin, thy
4. Oh, thou who art God of the

Bass.

March Time, M. M. ♩=104.

PIANO OR REED ORGAN.

cres.

bring thee A trib - ute of hom-age and pride; Of love for our home-land we sing thee; What
moth - er Of sons that went forth to the fray, And laid down their lives for thy hon - or, What

cres.

hon - or Is dear to our young hearts to-day; Thy dead sons were steadfast and loy - al, Shall
na-tions, In thee and thy strength do we trust. We know that thine arm is al - might-y,— Our

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4

gift has thy boun-ty de-nied? To-day from the Fa-ther of Wa-ters To the lake that is fair as a
pride thrills thy bo-som to-day? Thy he-roes are nev-er for-got-ten; Tho' dead, they shall live in thy

we be less loy-al than they? Trust thou to our keeping thy hon-or, We love thee as loved they who
strength is the strength of the dust. May we by Thy wisdom, oh, Fath-er, Be led in the pathways of

sea, From thy pines to thy prai-ries thy chil-dren Come sing-ing thy prais-es to thee.
love, And their val-or be told while the ban-ner They died for is float-ing a-bove.

died, And like them will we give all, if need be, To guard the dear home of our pride.
peace, And for thee, our most beau-ti-ful moth-er, May the love of thy chil-dren in-crease.

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5

CHORUS.

All hail to our moth-er Wis-con-sin! Oh, join ev-ry voice in the strain!

All hail to our moth-er Wis-con-sin! Oh, join ev-ry voice in the strain!

cres. f

Wis-con-sin, Wis-con-sin, for-ev-er! Oh, sing it a-gain and a-gain!

cres. f

Wis-con-sin, Wis-con-sin, for-ev-er! Oh, sing it a-gain and a-gain!

Badger Song. 2—3.

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WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

WALTER KITTREDGE.

1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fighting to - day on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;

wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good bye!"
brave and true who've left their homes, Oth - ers been wounded long.
Some are dead, and some are dying, Ma - ny are in tears.

Chorus.

Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wishing for the war to cease.

Many are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace, Tenting to-night,

Last v.—Dying to-night,

Last time. *ppp*

Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp ground.
Dy - ing to-night, (*Omit.*) Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

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LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG.

DUET. Tenor and Alto or Baritone.
Andante.

Words and Music by
M. J. RAWSON.

1. O Lincoln, im-mor - tal, no-ble, and grand, the world has not thy peer;
2. In darkest midnight, in fet-ters and tears, the wea - ry millions lay;
3. A fel-on's foul hand his grand life laid low; his great, kind heart is still;

Thy name is enshrined in our hearts, and to-day thy mem'ry we hold dear.
In deep'ning de-spair they waited and watched the dawning of the day;
For - get-ful of self, but the best good of all his pur-pose to ful - fill,

When clouds of war obscured the sky and drenched our land with blood,
When from his heart there came the thought that flashed from sea to sea,
He died as hundreds brave men died in those dark days of war

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LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG—Continued.

With him at the helm, "The Ship of State" out-rode the fear - ful flood;
And his was the hand that penned the word which made four millions free;
Tho' not in the heat of rag - ing strife, but from the field a - far;

With him at the helm. "The Ship of State" out-rode the fear - ful flood.
And his was the hand that penned the word which made four millions free.
Tho' not in the heat of rag - ing strife, but from the field a - far.

But he fell, a mar - tyr fell,

REFRAIN.

But he fell,... .... a mar-tyr fell,. ..... As the

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LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG—Concluded.

So he fell,

day-star of peace beamed a-round; So he fell, ... a mar-tyr

a mar-tyr fell,

fell, ... And a na-tion in grief was found; Tho' he

Tho' he fell, still he lives,

fell, ... still he lives, ... in our hearts a King uncrowned.

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SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

1. Song—Battle Hymn of the Republic ,p. 69.
2. Roll Call. Older pupils respond by giving patriotic quotations.
3. Recitation—The Blue and the Gray, p. 55; or To the Silent Soldier, p. 15.
4. Recitation—De Bugle on de Hill, p. 58.
5. Short Address, or In Memoriam, p. 9.
6. Song—The Battle Cry of Freedom, p. 69.
7. Recitation—Colonel Ingersoll's Remarkable Vision, p. 51.
8. Flag Exercise—Four Soldier Boys, p. 34.
9. Selection—The Meaning of Memorial Day Observances, or Our Wisconsin Dead, p. 28.
10. Recitation—Roll Call, p. 53; or Mustered Out, p. 50.
11. Song—Our Honored Dead, p. 71.
12. Recitation—By the Graves of Heroes, p. 59; or Memorial Day, p. 21.
13. The Passing of the Veterans of 1861–5, p. 17; or Sketch of the Flag, p. 33.
14. Selection—The Southern Soldier, p. 45; or The Nation's Dead and the Nation's Living, p. 26.
15. Song—Tenting Tonight, p. 78.

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